

Good 650 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Picture to Prize for L/Sto. Jim Martin



WE hope that this picture will be a nice big surprise for Leading Stoker Jim Martin.

That delightful little morsel of humanity your wife is laying in the perambulator, Jim, is Pauline Ann, aged three months.

You may have got your first glimpse of her by this time in the photo your wife sent when Pauline was just under two months old, but we'll warrant that you'll prize this one even more.

Edna's happy smile shows how proud she is of Pauline, and we are sure, Jim, you have reason to be proud, too.

"She is a lovely baby"—those are your wife's own words, and we thoroughly agree with her. Pauline weighs 13lbs., and is thriving well.

All the family at 12 Castle Close, Southsea, idolise her.

After two and a half years in the W.A.A.F. you might think life at home a little dull for your wife, but Pauline has changed all that.

It is true she is no real

trouble at all—no sleepless nights or anything like that—but she just lays and chuckles to think that she now comes first in the household!

Sunny Southsea is just the right place for her, too, now that the sea-front is open once more.

On a good many afternoons your wife is able to take her as far as the promenade and watch some of the craft stealing in and out of Portsmouth Harbour.

One day, Jim, she hopes to be there when your own ship comes home. Then there'll be a great big welcome for you.

What Pauline will have to say about it all, of course, we don't know. But we guess her little fingers will soon twine themselves round your own.

Meantime, we can only pass on your wife's message that she hopes you will like the little handful she's holding out to you, and that your job out East will soon be over, so that you can all be together again.

And the same good wishes come from her Dad and Mother and all at Castle Close.

Kitchen Garden Notes for P.O. FRANK BELL

HERE is a glimpse of the old home at Portchester, Hants, for Petty Officer Frank Bell.

"Belle Vue" is the name—143 West Street—and your father got the idea, so he tells us, Frank, from the Belle Vue Gardens at Manchester.

What a fine old chap he is, P.O. Bell. In his 79th year, and as happy in the garden as the day is long.

And your mother, too—we could not wish to meet a more delightful little lady

Your father was emulating George Washington when our reporter called. He was axing the old apple tree, and making a very good job of it, too.

It'll take a lot to keep him out of the garden at any time. "It keeps me busy all day," he told us, "and just now we are in it up to the neck."

He didn't actually mean that your mother had been "press-ganged" into the job as well, although she has got her foot on the garden fork. "I have quite enough to do

youngster and they like to hear in the house," she chipped in. "but I hope to make some jam again this year."

"Last year," she added, "I managed to make 26lbs. of black currant, red currant and raspberry, and we had a fair amount of apples, plums and pears."

Anyway, we admire your Dad's work on the kitchen garden front. He has got in a good sowing of potatoes, cabbages, peas, leeks and shallots, and we hope he gets a satisfactory crop.

He also let us into a little family history, P.O. Bell—how four sons were lost in the last war, two in the Army and two in the Navy, all in the space of about twelve months.

It must have been a blow to the old folks when they heard that your only other brother was also missing in this war in H.M.S. "Gloucester."

So, P.O. Bell, don't forget the letters home. Your Mum and Dad are proud of their from you as often as possible.

LEICESTER

When war came, the Queen of the Midlands opened her arms to the children of much-bombed London. She did a great job with energy and good sense. But the city bears no scars of war, all the familiar landmarks remain, and the girls are still as pretty and neatly-dressed as Leicester girls always were, writes D. N. K. BAGNALL, after a visit to the Home Town.

"WHO rang that blinkin' bell?" demanded the tram conductor. Well my excuse was that I had spent so many years in London that I never could remember that you mustn't give the tram bell a push when you want to get off at the next stop, in Leicester.

It is one of the little things you've got to watch when you visit the Queen of the Midlands (a title hotly contested by Nottingham). But the tram conductor's stare was the only hostile reception I had.

Remembering the heated controversy there had been between the tramwaymen and the general public as to whether the trams should run to B.B.C. time or the tramway's own clocks (which were a bit different) I made allowances for his shortness of temper.

It was a pleasure once again, to walk down Granby Street to the Clock Tower, where all ways meet and to note the hustle of the active streets.

There is nothing more delightful than to revisit the scenes one knew of old, and although I left Leicester at peace and rediscovered it at war the change was not such as to make one feel a stranger.

No doubt the Leicester people have had their worries and their wounds. They have not been unmolested by the enemy bombers, and the Leicestershire Regiment, in which many of their sons serve, has been in some of the toughest fighting. But they were cheerful and alert, and I found, in talking with old friends and new, that they were thinking little of the strain and stress of the past five years and much of the days to come when, from war-production, the city's factories and workshops will settle into the way of peace.

As one of the big centres for receiving and providing a sanctuary for London evacuees, Leicester did a great thing.

Leicester people remember how the children swarmed into the city in those days. They might well have thrown up their arms in dismay, but, with Midland energy and good sense, they set about the job of fixing them up, and in an amazingly short time there was not a child without a foster home.

Now, many of the children have returned. But there are still plenty of Leicester homes where you will hear the London accent—not so acutely as before, for in the homes and schools they have gathered something of the Midland tongue.

Leicester and Leicester stations have been arteries through which thousands of men going to battle have passed. You will find men who know Leicester all over the battle-fronts, the seas, and on the air-fields.

The Market, by the way, is a more cheerful sight now that the dim-out has taken the place of the black-out. It has enabled the stall-holders to carry on with their selling under subdued lamps well into the winter evenings.

The Market is getting back that gay look, but in these days you will not find there the sellers of silk stockings who used to do such a good trade.

Oranges and lemons had come into Leicester when I was there. It was nice to think of the boys and girls getting their teeth into a succulent orange, and, maybe, having a dash of lemon on their pancakes.

The newest bit of Leicester, the Charles Street by-pass which enables you to get on to the Nottingham road or the roads to Stamford or Melton Mowbray (Oh boy! those pies!) without squeezing through the traffic at the Clock Tower, is still rather empty. They haven't yet sold all the sites, or the owners haven't yet built on them, and it will not be until long after the war that what will be the most modern and possibly the most impressive part of the city will be complete.

It won't hurt the city to be a bit more modern. Granby Street, the main thoroughfare, owes too much to the city fathers of Victorian days. But, making allowance for war-time



conditions, the streets are bright and clean. For Leicester thinks much of its reputation as the cleanest city in the Midlands.

Modern Leicester has overlaid much that was beautiful in the past, but you may still find evidences of its importance in history.

St. Margaret's is a beautiful fifteenth century church built on the site of a Saxon Cathedral. It adjoins the Abbey of St. Mary where Wolsey, son of a wool merchant and Cardinal (almost dictator) of England died, it is said, of a broken heart. His name is known all over the world—not as a great Englishman, but as the trade name of socks and underwear made at Leicester.

There are other churches worth visiting, including that of St. Nicholas, of Gothic style. But a church of note, in a different kind of way, is the Catholic Church at Evington.

It was built recently from materials taken from demolished pig-sties and stables!

Many Leicester people do not know where Leicester Castle is. Well, there is not a lot of it left, and it is tucked away by the riverside, behind the city. But to some, it may be too well known, for the only serviceable part has for long housed the County Court; and that is a place where only one person is really comfortable—the Judge.

There is, however, a comfortable little inn by its side where, on a cold, wet winter's day, a "pony" of strong ale is a good drink "for the road."

As a market town, Leicester naturally has some cosy inns. A Leicester man must often think of the Bell, the George, the Royal or the White Hart—or one of those smaller pubs in the streets round the Clock Tower.

You always come back to the Clock Tower. And whether a man comes from Syston, Birstall, Oadby or Thurnby—or, for that matter, from any part of the county—he carries with him wherever he goes a vision of that monument with the time on top.

It would be impossible to leave Leicester without a word about the girls—the hosiery hands, the girls who make your socks or vests or sweaters.

Part of Leicester life (and a very lively part) are the neatly-dressed girls who throng the streets on their way to and from work, or who crowd the dance-halls and cinemas on Saturdays.

The railways are more polite than the trams. When I made a dash for my train from the Central Station, the booking clerk spoke through a loud-speaker as he sold me a ticket. "Hold up for one more passenger," he called. He really did.

BOUQUETS just make us feel foolish...
BRICKBATS are what we really enjoy. So let's hear from you.

Address :
"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

"Life is Sweet for Lovers"

Concluding GRANT ALLEN'S
tale of the Harem,
"PRISONER OF ASSIOUT"

"SO they took me to Assiout, into the mosque of Ali, where the Cadi sat at the seat of judgment, and arraigned me before him a week later. There the Sheikh appeared, and bore witness against me.

"Those who spoke for me pleaded that, as the Sheikh himself admitted, the man who broke into his room, and banged him so hard, had his face covered with a linen cloth; how, then, could the Sheikh, in the hurry and the darkness, be sure he recognised me? But the Sheikh, for his part, swore by Allah, and by the Holy Stone of the Kaaba at Mecca, that he saw me distinctly, and knew it was I.

"The Cadi was convinced. The Cadi gave judgment. I was guilty of rebellion against the Sheikh and against Islam; and, being a dog of a Christian, unworthy even to live, his judgment was that after three days' time I should be beheaded in the prison court of Assiout.

"You may guess, effendi,

whether or not I was anxious. But Laila was safe; and to save my girl from that wretch's harem I was ready, for my part, to endure anything.

"Two nights long I lay awake and thought strange things by myself in the white-washed cells of the jail at Assiout. The governor of the prison, who was a European—an Italian, he called himself—and a Christian of Roum, of those who obey the Pope, was very kind indeed to me. He knew me before (for I had worked in his fields), and was sorry when I told him the tale about Laila. But what would you have? Those were Ismail's days. It was the law of Islam. He could not prevent it.

"On the third evening my brother came round to the prison to see me. He came with many tears in his eyes, bringing evil tidings. My poor old father, he said, was dying at home with grief. They didn't expect he would live till morning.

"And Laila, too, had stolen back from Karnak unperceived, and was hiding in the village. She wished to see me just once before I died. But if she came to the prison the Sheikh would find her out and carry her off in triumph to his own harem.

"Would the governor give me leave to go home just that one night, to bid farewell to Laila and to my dying father?"

"Now, the governor, Excellency, was a very humane man, and though he was a Christian of Roum, not a Copt like us, he was kind to the Copts as his brother Christians. He pondered awhile to himself, and roped his moustache, thus; then he said to me:

"Athanasio, you are an honest man; the execution is fixed for eight by the clock to-morrow morning. If I give you leave to go home to your father to-night, will you pledge me your word of honour before St. George and the Saints, to return before seven?"

"Effendi, I said, kissing his feet, 'you are indeed a good man. I swear by the mother of God and all the Saints that dwell in heaven that if you let me go I will come back again a full hour before the time fixed for the execution.'

"And I meant it, too, for I only wished before I died to say good-bye once more to Laila.

"Well, the governor took me secretly into his own house, and telling me many times

over that he trusted to my honour, and would lose his place if it were known he had let me go, he put me forth, with my brother, by his own private door, making me swear on no account to be late for the execution.

"As soon as I got outside, I said to my brother, 'Tell me, Sirgeh, at whose house is Laila?'

"And my brother answered and smiled, 'Laila is still at Karnak, where we sent her for safety, and our father is well. But I have a plan for your escape that I think will serve you.'

"Never! I cried, horror-struck, 'If I am to break my word of honour to the governor of the prison.'

"That isn't it," he made reply. 'I have a plan of my own which I will proceed in words to make clear before you.'

"What happened next would be long to relate, effendi." But I noticed that the fellah's eyes twinkled as he spoke, like one who passes over of set purpose an important episode. "All I need tell you now is, that the whole night through the good governor lay awake, wondering whether or not I would come home to time, and blaming himself in his heart for having given such leave to a mere condemned criminal.

"Still, effendi, though I am but poor, I am a man of honour. As the clock struck six in the prison court next

morning, I knocked at the governor's window with the appointed signal; and the governor rose, and let me into my cell, and praised me for my honour, and was well pleased to see me.

"At eight o'clock they took me out into the courtyard. The executioner was there already, a great black Nubian, with a very sharp scimitar. It was terrible to look round; I was greatly frightened. Surely, said I to myself, 'the bitterness of death is past. But Laila is saved; and I die for Laila.'

"I knelt down and bent my head. I feared, after all, no respite was coming. The executioner stood forth and raised the scimitar in his hand. I almost thought I heard it swish through the air; I saw the bright gleam of the blade as it descended.

"But just at that moment, as the executioner delayed, a loud commotion arose in the outer court. I raised my head and listened. We heard a voice cry, 'In Allah's name, let me in. There must be no execution!'

"The gates opened wide, and into the inner courtyard there strode with long strides a great white mule, and on its back, scarcely able to sit up, a sorry figure!

"He was wrapped round in bandages, and swathed from head to foot like a man sore wounded. His face was bruised and his limbs swollen. But he upheld one hand in solemn

warning, and in a loud voice again cried to the executioner, 'In Allah's name, Hassan, let there be no execution!'

"The lookers-on, to right and left, raised a mighty cry, and called out with one voice, 'The Sheikh! The Sheikh! Who can have thus disfigured him?'

"But the Sheikh himself came forward in great pain, like one whose bones ache, and, dismounting from the mule, spoke aloud to the governor. 'In Allah's name,' he said, trembling, 'let this man go; he is innocent. I swore to him falsely, though I believed it to be true.'

"For see, last night, about (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A hackee is one who has been hacked, a small saw, ground squirrel, travelling salesman?
2. What, in Cockney slang, are known as "F sharps," and why?
3. What are the "four B's" necessary for social success?
4. If you were given a chan-

terelle, would you sing it, drink it, eat it put it in a cage?
5. How old is Noel Coward?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—104, 8, 216, 64, 125, 27.

Answers to Quiz in No. 649

1. Edible fungus.
2. Helen Wills Moody.
3. (a) A measure of weight; (b) a measure of volume (of wine).
4. 8 lb.
5. Plays the piano.
6. Waistcoat doesn't have sleeves; others do.

Tales of Taverns

Inn Signs of the Times

THE signs of the inns were usually painted by journeymen artists in return for board and lodging, and a little bit over. But occasionally big prices were paid to big men for something exceptional for some exceptional pub.

For a "Shakespeare" that used to hang outside a London hostelry, the painter, Samuel Wade, one of the original Academicians, received £500. Celebrities were often chosen by celebrated painters to figure on these signs.

"Who is that?" once asked Sir Walter Scott, spying an excellent portrait of Robert Burns on the sign of an inn near Barnard Castle. "Bobbie Burns," they told him. "How long has it been there?" Scott inquired. "Two or three years," he was told. Sir Walter shook his head. "Tak' ma word for it," he said, "it canna be Burns. Robbie wouldna ha' stayed sae long outside."

To this rich heritage of inn sign artistry new ones are now being added which will help to inform future generations of the conditions, achievements and notabilities of our day. Most startling break-away from the ancient tradition is "The Belisha Beacon." Modern football has contributed "The Spurs," at Tottenham.

At least two houses pay tribute to the Sport of Kings—the "Blenheim" and the "Midday Sun," both named after recent Derby winners.

There are a dozen separate signs dedicated to flying—the "Propeller" at Croydon, the "Airman" at Feltham, the "Happy Landings," near Bristol Airport... And the "Prospect Inn," as modern as they can make 'em.

Even so, the ancient history lying beneath the new erections cannot be entirely expunged. The old inn on this site was the habitual haunt of smugglers and highway gentry.

One of the Ingoldsby Legends—"Smugglers' Leap"—describes the route on which the old pub lay, and along which Exciseman Gill galloped in pursuit of Smuggler Bill, who had broken clean through the ring of Excise officers of Sandwich.

M. T.

Mother: "You can't accept presents from a strange man."
Daughter: "Who says he's strange? His kisses are quite normal."

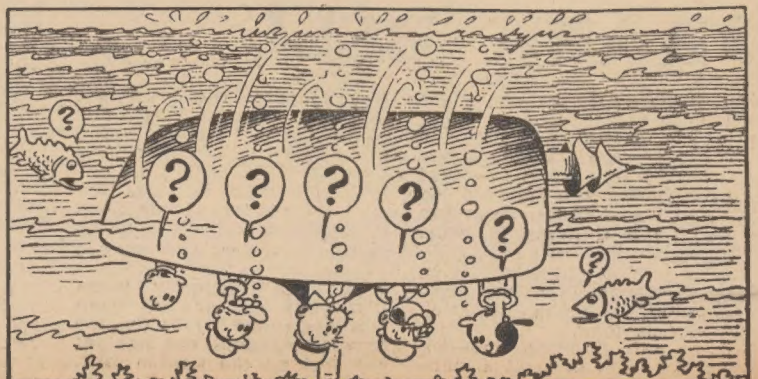
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 589

- 1. Behead a sports field and get a folk song.
- 2. In the following proverb, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? *Esse mage eth fo moroleko het toms.*
- 3. What girl's name of five letters has E for its exact middle?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: All those people — that liner are taking a month's holiday —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 588

- 1. G-rouse.
- 2. Blood is thicker than water.
- 3. Hazel.
- 4. Able, bale.

JANE

The Prisoner of Assiout

(Continued from Page 2)

twelve o'clock, the self-same dog who broke into my house before, entered my room, with violence, through the open window.

"He carried in his hands the self-same stick as last time, and had his face covered, as ever, with a linen cloth. And I knew by his figure and his voice he was the very same dog that had previously beaten me. But before I could cry aloud to rouse the house, the infidel had fallen upon me once more and thwacked me, as you see, within an inch of my life, and covered me with bruises, and then bid me take care how I accused innocent people like Athanasio of hurting me. And after that he jumped through the open window and went away once more.

"And I was greatly afraid, fearing the wrath of Allah, if I let this man Athanasio be killed in his stead, though he is but an infidel. And I rose and saddled my mule very early, and rode straight into Assiout, to tell you and the Cadi I had borne false witness, and to save myself from the guilt of an innocent soul on my shoulders."

"Then all the people around cried out with one voice, 'A miracle! A miracle!' And the Sheikh stood trembling beside, with faintness and terror.

"But the governor drew me a few paces apart.

"'Athanasio, you rascal,' he said, half-laughing, 'it is you that have done this thing! It is you that have assaulted him! You got out last night on your word of honour on purpose to play this scurvy trick upon us!'

"'Effendi,' I made answer, bowing low. 'life is sweet; he beat me, unjustly, first, and he would have taken my Laila from me.'

"'That is my hut that you see over yonder, effendi, where Laila and I live. The Sheikh is dead. And the English are now our real lords in Egypt.'

THE END

ALEX CRACKS

Mrs. Snubem: "Why do I never get what I ask for in this rotten shop?"

Manageress: "Because, madam, politeness is our motto." — "Galaxy."

A poor fellow was lost in the desert. Goodness knows how long he had been without a drink. Suddenly, his eyes alighted upon a tin, and the label on it said "Water." To be exact, it said dehydrated water.

FAMILIAR PHRASES—By JACK MONK



Check Main Vents.

The Things People Do

MR. JAMES KNIGHT has given a lift to ten Prime Ministers. He's lift-man at the House of Commons, and since he pressed the button for Lord Shaftesbury, in 1900, he has been the friend of each new Premier.

Most of them have had a word or two with him on their way upstairs, but he says the present P.M. is the most chatty. And Winston has taken the most journeys with him, for he's been chief statesman the longest of the lot.

Other people who have shared the lift with Mr. Knight are Laval, Ribbentrop, Tojo, Darlan and Reynaud.

At State Openings of Parliament, he has had the job of taking the Queen, Queen Mary and the Duke of Windsor to their seats.

MOURNING the loss of his greatest pal is Dr. Frank Beach, of New York.

He is probably the first man to be really friendly with a musical alligator. Oscar, the alligator, got a kick out of melody, and tried to join in the choruses with a rather gruff kind of roar.

"He was a music critic," says Dr. Beach. "He would roar nicely in response to some rhythms and refuse to reply to others."

Oscar's passion for music was discovered by a keeper who happened to twang some metal rods near his cage. But he couldn't stand the French horn. When someone blew one, it sent him into such a frenzy that he nearly killed another alligator in his cage.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

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41				42				

CLUES ACROSS.—1. Vehicle. 4 Sharp tools. 10 Humiliate. 12 Of ships. 13 Pronouncement. 15 Cautious. 16 Gem. 18 Notable deed. 19 Pastry sellers. 22 Full. 24 Exclaim. 25 That is. 27 Domesticated. 29 Bronze. 31 Girl's name. 33 Climb. 34 For. 35 Precious stone. 37 Note of music. 38 Tree. 39 Interval. 41 Sussex town. 42 Makes free.

CLUES DOWN.—1 No gentle man. 2 Stand firm. 3 Ethical. 4 Pal. 5 At home. 6 Blarney. 7 Girl's name. 8 Extensive. 9 Willy. 11 Law. 14 Swab. 17 Pleasant. 18 Turtle limb. 20 Old tale. 21 Nurses. 23 In plenty. 26 In good time. 28 Plan. 30 Object. 32 Fashion. 33 Bang. 36 Space of time. 40 Musically soft.



RUGGLES

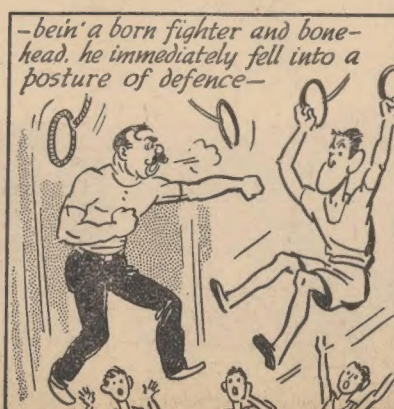


GARTH



JUST JAKE

We Ffoults have always been dashed dexterous with our digits—and at sixteen I was a wizard on the rings. I remember making a few pretty passes among the rafters, when I came across our Instructor hanging like a cursed chimp—right in my way ...



Good
Morning



**STOP DEPTH-CHARGING
OUR HEART, GIRLS**

Harvard men have nicknamed Universal's Anne Gwynne the "T.N.T. Girl." Not to be outdone, the "Good Morning" staff herewith nicknames Warner's Jane Wyman the "Gelignite Girlie." And now, for Pete's sake, girls, stop your assault on our heart-strings and meet a bunch of submariners who can hit back! "Fellows, we want you to meet, on the left, the T.N.T. Girl, and, on the right, the Gelignite Girlie. Seconds out!"